

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD.
(Including Postage.)PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....\$3.50

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,276

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD OFFICE: 1207 Broadway, between 31st and 32nd sts., New York.
BROOKLYN: 350 Fulton st., HARLEM: News Department, 150 East 125th st., Advertisements at 257 East 115th st., PHILADELPHIA: PA.-Lancaster Building, 115 South 5th st., WASHINGTON: 610 14th st.

LONDON OFFICE: 32 Cockspur st., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

"NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

Poor President Bux: He does nothing but pay debts. And they are all imperative. When they are not his own, with Hoosier creditors, then some one is rapping at the door with a bill O. K'd by DUDLEY or MATT QUAY.

But the family finance seems more potent than politics after all. The HARRISON blood is thicker than "soap," and Prince ROSS, it is growing evident, can out-poll the stoutest Republican of them all. The latest evidence of it is found in the appointment of EDWARD O. LEECH to be Mint Director of the District of Columbia, over the opposition of such men as Senators FARWELL and CULLOM.

Thus, the wise say, RUSSELL buries for another four years the ghosts which arise from his own management of the Assay Office at Helena. He pays, too, an old debt to LEECH, who, as a computer of bullion, is said to have been instrumental in hushing the Government investigation into that management.

There is an old saying about "a father's delighting to give good gifts unto his children." Bux is the man referred to. It is lucky for RUSSELL.

WELCOME NEWS.

Now and then there is a gleam of light amid the municipal shadiness. Commissioner GILROY's report yesterday that eleven blocks of granite pavement had been laid for \$100,000 less than engineers' estimates, and the appropriation for new pavements this year is unexhausted, is a pleasant event.

To the taxpayer's soul it will be soothing to know that there are departments of public service where divorce conspiracy is not and where balances are sometimes in the people's favor.

Commissioner GILROY says repairs will be made in a number of shabby downtown pavements with the money saved.

Good boy, GILROY.

THE DRUGGIST IS THE LOSER.

The prohibition cause got a mighty drenching in old Nulmeig Connecticut yesterday. Between the two wings of the "wet" army—to wit, the country contingent that looks forward to a long, snug winter of open fires and applejack, and the new element with its penchant for beer—the advocates of cold water must have thought an alcoholic cone-much had struck them.

The druggists, who with their dangerous back rooms reap the harvest of Prohibition efforts, will squeeze many a tear to-day.

BOULANGER has forsaken London and taken refuge in the island of Jersey. A handy place whence to watch France with a spy-glass, and paddle over at a moment's notice. Suddenness is what the French like. He may "arrive" yet.

There were flowers for Judge BOOKSTAVEN in the Court of Common Pleas yesterday. Suggestively funeral.

Is he dead to the bench or only sick?

SPOTLETS.

Jack Frost (poet) a good last night just to show that he isn't going to get a year.

A man was turned out of a 7th avenue lodging-house last night for snoring too vigorously.

The rat killing season has opened, and on Long Island last night there was a great slaughter of rodents, much to the enjoyment of the short-haired fraternity.

The number of bathers in the free baths of the city this season was 2,445,022. Read this, Chicago, and do thou likewise.

Aeronaut George T. Linn, of Lexington, Mich., while trying to make a balloon ascension yesterday, fell into a river and was drowned. It was his one hundredth attempt. He had better have stopped at the ninety-ninth.

The flowers are withering, though the woods are bright with autumn tints. The girls are wearing thicker coats and stouter boots and shoes.

The Friar's this morning speaks of Gen. Dennis Boulanger.

From ring to track and back to ring describes the course of light-weight champion McAdams. The horse "breaks" him, and he now wants to break something himself.

The gyrations of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Boston, are becoming almost antique.

Professor—How long can a person live without brains?
Student—I don't know. How old are you, Judy.

There was a bear hunt in Chicago's streets yesterday, and yet they claim they are civilized enough to have the World's Fair there.

STOLEN RHYMES.

We met at Christmastime,
We met at Christmas time,
At the Christmas time,
Her mind with sadness was reprieved,
And kept a all protestant.

She was a student through and through,
And showed it in her face;
I did not dare to look at her
Of anything—
I looked.

Next day I thought some spectacles,
And, like her, wore them on my face,
I went to seek my new-found friend,
Close to the speaker's stand.

We met, she saw the book, and said:
"Oh, how away the time!"
I put a book at the end of the shelf,
Let's go and have a swing.

—*Unknown World-Herald.*

THE KENDALS.

The methods of most of our actors and actresses of to-day are mildly but not disagreeably flavored with gentle elaptrapisms that are fondly designated stage licenses, in the same way that stupid elaptrapisms are allowed to pervert the truth for the sake of what they call poetic license. We have grown accustomed to these little elaptrapisms. In fact, we rather like them, though we cannot help acknowledging them. As for the process, it is hardly fascinating, and we can accustom ourselves to anything.

It is only in the presence of consummate artists, like the Kendals, who appeared for the first time at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night, that we realize how absolutely possible it is to be free from the faintest suspicion of stage elaptrapism and yet delight an audience. "My duty of art is self is finished," Long before 9 o'clock last night I had forgotten that I was at the theatre; I had forgotten that the scene before me was canvas painted; that the ladies and gentlemen were actors and actresses; and that every man and woman had been through the same performance before. The very perfection of naturalness, the supreme embodiment of truth, made known by the methods of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal led to this result.

Such artists as these teach us to understand what we have read about the mission of the stage, the grand object of the drama. We float about the theatres during the tumult of the season and wonder how it is that sensible men have written so much about such distortions of right-mindedness as we are frequently called upon to look at. The favored audience with one single touch of truth, the racing extravaganza peopled with impossible idiots, unconstrained by one atom of sense, and the stilted comedy written for the star—they teach nothing, appeal to nothing but the fancy of the moment, simply because the little flavor of truth is lost.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are a lesson. They may be criticized because they decline to stoop to even that little deception called idealization. "It is permitted to ennoble, elevate and poetize," says Housman, but in this statement Housman appears to acknowledge that truth is not potential or strong enough to stand unvarnished.

Mrs. Kendal will remind Americans slightly and at times, of Miss Ada Rohan and Mrs. Agnes Booth. Her refinement and finish, however, have not yet been attained by the Behan, while the Booth has never reached her greatness, because she is utterly lacking in Mrs. Kendal's magnetism.

Mrs. Kendal is fascinating in her every mood. Yet she appeals to the intelligence to the senses. Her husband is equally convincing by his rampant demureness—if I may use the expression—under all circumstances. There is the veneer about the work of both these artists that Coquelin showed us. Their effort is to show true pictures of real life. Stagnation! Dramatic business! The terms sound absurd.

And my friends, the stars, won't you drop into the Fifth Avenue some time and get an idea of "How to be artistic, though a star?" You should see Mrs. Kendal subordinate herself to her "support." The centre of the stage? Why, bless your soul, she doesn't know what it means. She makes her first appearance—modest and goes to the side; the members of the company name before her all the time, she is in the background—no grouping, no posing, no elaptrapism.

"A Scrap of Paper" is a dainty, ingenious little trifle, by no means new to this city. Lester Wallack played it; so did Helen Danvers. It is exquisitely impossible and palpably unreal, but as clever as Carducci could make it.

Mrs. Kendal's portraits hardly do her justice. They cannot, of course, reveal the mobility of her features and the grace of her movements, and it is in these that her charms is to be found. I liked her best in the little pink-sprayed gown worn in the second act. The velvet and diamond costume was very elaborate and lovely, but the gown was more to my taste. I sympathize with a gown, but not with a costume.

T. N. Weisman, J. E. Dodson and Seymour Hicks were the best members of the Kendals' company, but the organization was evenly balanced and good. The reception accorded to these artists must have made them happy. They are too charming to be anything but home birds, and when they do stray from their native shores they deserve all the welcome that kindly, reassuring American hospitality can give.

ALAN DALE.

POLITICAL ECCHES.

Chamberlain Croker, Commissioner Gilroy and Arthur Leary occupied a box at Tony Pastor's Theatre last night, and laughed heartily at the antics of the variety stars on the stage.

Aaron F. Young is said to be anxious to carry the Tammany banner in the Aldermanic contest in the Twenty-third Ward.

Five of the fifteen members of the Democratic State Executive Committee are Tammany men. But one, ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, is of the County Democracy.

The talk of running Arthur J. McQuade, of the Boode Road, of Aldermen, as the representative of the Fourteenth District in the coming Board, McQuade says, is nothing but talk.

Barney Biglin wants to know if there is an opposition to the Republican machine in the Eighteenth District. The growing demand for the nomination of Martin Walsh, a popular mechanic, of East Thirty-sixth street, as the party's candidate for Alderman, has startled the machine-smasher. Walsh does not train with the machine.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

Infantile jewels of bracelets, rings, bbs and handkerchief pins, necklaces and studs are sent to and worn by boys and girls alike.

Decorations for baby silver-are copied from the time-honored tales of Arthur Goose.

All the fall sleeves are set with the head above the shoulders.

There is a growing demand for silver with gilt-lined shading. Bright finished sterling is too easily tarnished for personal wear.

The craze for veritable antiques is without limit. Miss Elizabeth Drexel, who was married with the Miss Martin Luther gave Catherine Von Born, has much to do with the craze.

Cloths of old rose contrasted with moss green or wood brown make beautiful costumes.

Heavy soups are inadvisable at a course dinner since they form a meal by themselves.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Arthur J. Moore, of the Staten Island Athletic Club, is considered a "handy man to have round."

Besides being a good all-around athlete he is quite a baseball player and has a liking for games of all kinds, being clever at each. He is tall and well built.

George E. Wilson, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, is really quite a "sore." He is interested in everything lively in this world, from a horse race to a cockroach fight. He is fine "grinder" on the cinder path, but a still finer one on the lawn, or pool table. Indeed, he handles the cue very nicely. He is fond of an occasional bat, too, when it is of the baseball variety.

Dr. Schell of the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Hill, won the heavyweight championship wrestling last year at the Metropolitan Opera House. But he athletes in other directions beside wrestling, being a good all-arounder—strictly from an athletic point of view.

All Used Up

Strength all gone. Tired out. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable. You must not neglect yourself longer. Doctors are dangerous. The downward tendency of your system must be stopped. You need the tonic, strengthening, building up properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla to restore you to health, give you an appetite and make you active, cheerful and willing to work. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. J. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE NURSERY PETS.

Another Batch of Pretty, Prattling Contestants.

Fond Parents Submit Pictures of Their Darlings.

And Accompany the Photographs with Eulogistic Letters.

The little son of Maurice Rosenberg, of 178 East Eighth street, leads off the Pretty Baby picture display today. His father has this to say of the youngster:



VICTOR F. ROSENBERG.

I wish to place my baby, Victor Frederick Rosenberg, born March 10, 1888, among the contestants. The enclosed photo was taken when he was seven months old. His father's name is Maurice Rosenberg, 1880, of American parents. Her father, Edward P. Harris, was born Feb. 10, 1850, also of American parents, and is a hotel salesman. This picture was taken at the age of five months. Address in the Powers street, Brooklyn, E. D. Dr. Harris, 142 South Fourth street, will write for her age. Yours truly, E. P. HARRIS.



ADA MAY HARRIS.

Another father writes:

I enclose a picture of my little darling baby girl, Ada May Harris, aged seventeen months, born April 22, 1888. Her mother, Rebecca Harris, was born March 10, 1850, also of American parents, and is a hotel salesman. This picture was taken at the age of five months. Address in the Powers street, Brooklyn, E. D. Dr. Harris, 142 South Fourth street, will write for her age. Yours truly, E. P. HARRIS.



ALICE L. DAVIS.

Mrs. Thomas G. Davis, of 311 East Forty-eighth street, this city, writes:

As you are having a contest for pretty babies, I thought I would send my baby's picture to you. She is a little over a year old. Her name is Alice Irene Davis, born July 11, 1888. Her mother's name is Nora M. Davis, born March 17, 1864, in Ireland. Her father's name is Thomas George Davis, a hair-dresser by trade, born in Ireland, April 25, 1862. Address, Dr. Harris, 142 South Fourth street, Brooklyn.

MONKELL'S TERTHIO CORDIAL produces calm and healthy repose during all stages of teething. 25c.

Made Specially for Women.

Yet good for all. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A Fair Judgment.

"How does your son, the doctor, get along?"

"Not very successfully."

"I am sorry to hear that. On what do you base your opinion?"

"Well, he's been attending Mr. Sircenester for three years, and he hasn't killed him or cured him yet."

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LASTING AND COMPLETE.

Miss Menzer Tells Her Experience After Making Sure of the Result.

"I would have told my story for publication before," the young lady observed, "but I wanted to wait."

"Why?"

"Well, I wanted to wait and see if, after some time had passed, any signs of my trouble returned."

"And you waited?"

"Yes, and not the slightest evidence of any trouble has ever come back. It has been a good while now, and for some one making about it, perhaps twice as long as I would have waited, I would have said that I was an invalid and a most to give up hope of ever getting even better."

"And your story?"

"Well, I don't know that it will be of very great interest, but I think it ought to be told, if for nothing else than the benefit of those who suffer as I did."

The young lady speaking, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, was Miss Rose Menzer, living at 600 Racine street, Cincinnati. Her features are fairly well reproduced in the portrait which accompanies this sketch. She went on speaking so rapidly that the writer could with difficulty follow her words.

Headaches—I had them most all the time. Sometimes it would seem as if my head would burst. My eyes became dim and watery, and there would be continual noises in my ears—like ringing or rumbling or buzzing sounds. It would be hard to describe them, but they made me afraid that my hearing would be affected. My voice began to be affected and would sound hoarse and unnatural.

Then my throat would seem to choke up. There would be a dripping down of mucus, especially when I lay down at night. Often I have woken up suddenly at night, feeling as if I was going to choke to death, and I would have to get up and cough and raise for a long time before I could clear my throat so I could breathe.

"How did it begin? Oh, with colds, I suppose. It seemed, though, after while as if I was having colds all the time. I would catch cold on the slightest exposure. In the street car, for instance, or anywhere out of a warm room, I began to have a great deal of phlegm, sometimes of a greenish, sometimes of a yellowish color. There seemed to be something jerking all the while from the ear to the head, which would cause me terrible pain. My nostrils would stop up first on one side and then on the other, and then my nose would bleed."

"And the pain walking or any exertion caused me—I couldn't walk a square before I would be tired out and want to rest. I would become dizzy and faint, and when I would try to take a long breath a sharp pain would run through me just as if some one was sticking a knife into me. My heart would beat hard and fast, and then it would seem as if it would be going to stop beating. It would beat so slow."

"In the last year or so my trouble became so bad as to seriously alarm me. I lost flesh constantly. My cough became hoarse, and dark rings would form under my eyes. I could have sharp, lancinating pains in my chest, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, running back under the shoulder."

"Often I had sleepless nights, and sometimes when I would get a little asleep I would be suddenly awakened by violent beating of the heart. Then, after it had been violently for a little while it would seem almost like a sensation of dying."

"Yes, I had almost given up hope of ever getting any better when I went to Dr. Harris and his associates some months ago. I had been told that I had lung trouble; that I had heart disease; that I had dyspepsia, and I don't know what else, and tried for all of them, I guess, but without getting any relief."

"As I told you in the start I am well, strong and healthy now, and have been for some time. Not a trace of my trouble remains. Improved under their treatment from the start, slowly at first, but so that I was improving, and I was patient and kept up my treatment faithfully."

"I have got back my usual weight and strength. I sleep well, at night, don't cough any more, have no more pain in the chest, throat or anywhere. My eyes are clear and strong. I AM ENTIRELY CURED, and I am more than willing to make this statement."

Miss Menzer's address is above given, and the interview can easily be verified.

In Simple Form.

In this connection there can hardly be a more interesting subject than the ultimate effect of catarrh upon the hearing. The processes of this disease in poisoning the brain, rotting away the delicate machinery of small and large, poisoning the lungs and the blood and passing into the stomach, enfeebling the digestion, violating the secretions, all this has perhaps been very generally discussed; but the very frequent effect of catarrh of the nose and throat upon the hearing has not been touched upon as often as the subject warrants.

A very little study of anatomy will show the reader that the junction of the back passage of the nose and the upper parts of the throat are connected with the ear by a minute and delicate passage, known as the Eustachian tube. Along this tube the catarrhal process extends, producing congestion and inflammation. By the further extension of this process to the mucous lining of the tympanum of the ear is caused, in some cases, slight forms of catarrh of the middle ear, and in this way partial or complete deafness is produced.

Partial or complete deafness may in like manner result from the catarrh, thickened tissue encroaching upon the mouth of the Eustachian tube.

Partial or complete deafness may result from catarrh interfering with the nasal breathing, depriving the ear of a proper supply of pure air or from the effects of obstruction in the nasal passages, causing undue rarefaction or condensation of the air in the middle ear.

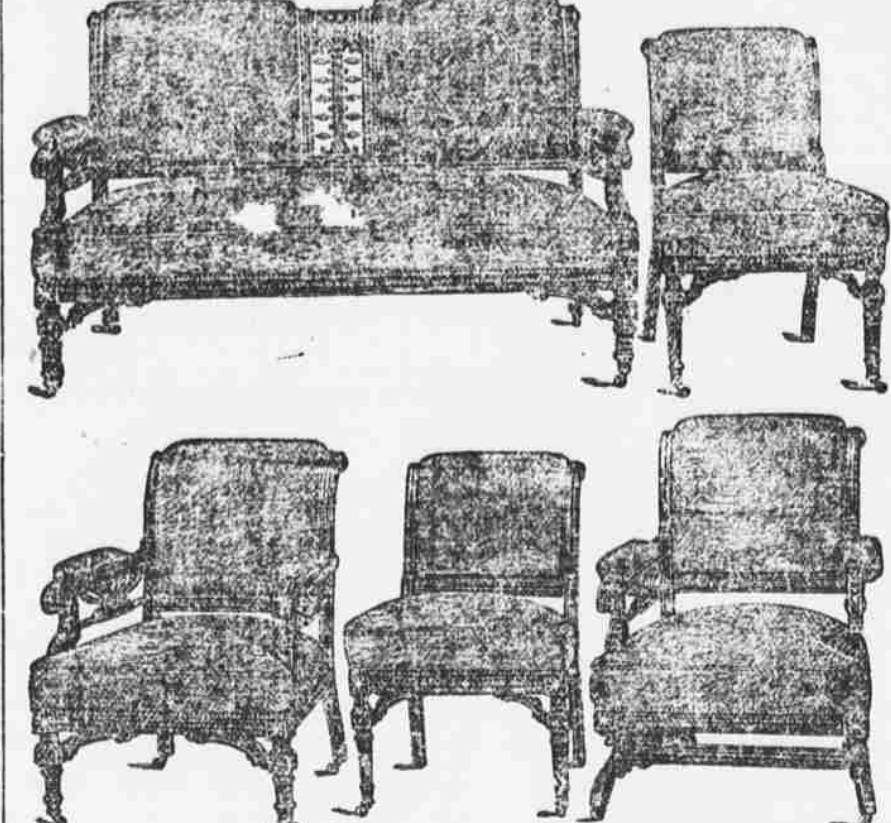
In such cases as these general remedies which are of a pronounced power comparatively ineffective. A cure can only be obtained by careful and scientific local treatment—and let it be said here that nothing could be attended with more disastrous results than unskillful local treatment—continued with constitutional treatment and care for the disease which brought about the trouble to the hearing.

There, said one to the other, "that's the fourth tunnel we have passed through to-day."

COOGAN BROS.,

Corner Grand and Bowery.

Being the manufacturers of all our goods, we make a proposition to the public that any per on coming to our house with a list of prices from any house in the trade, we agree and guarantee to give them the same goods with a discount of Twelve Per Cent. Here is a sample of our goods and prices:



This Suit, covered in silk plush, tapestry, Normandie velvet or twenty other different styles of coverings that you may select from, at \$35.00 per Suit. Try to buy it in any other house for less than \$55.00.

We have also a new line of Antique Oak, Ash or Cherry Chamber Suits at \$12.00 per Suit.

Our own make of Upright Folding-Beds, finished in all woods, with a woven wire spring and 40x18 bevel-plate glass, at \$28.00.

1,000 Rolls Best Tapestry Carpets, of the latest and choicest patterns, at 50c. per yard.

500 Rolls Best Velvet Carpet at 75c. per yard.

A full and complete assortment of Dining-Room Furniture.

Pillar Extension Tables in Antique Oak, \$7.00.

Complete Leather Suits of Chairs to match, \$25.00.

Go elsewhere and get prices and we will give you a discount of Twelve Per Cent.

COOGAN BROS.

GRAND AND BOWERY.

RAILROADS.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY.
FOOT LIBERTY ST., NORTH RIVER.
TIME TABLE, OCT. 8, 1889.
For Easton, 7:15 A. M.; 7:45 A. M.; 8:15 A. M.; 8:45 A. M.; 9:15 A. M.; 9:45 A. M.; 10:15 A. M.; 10:45 A. M.; 11:15 A. M.; 11:45 A. M.; 12:15 P. M.; 12:45 P. M.; 1:15 P. M.; 1:45 P. M.; 2:15 P. M.; 2:45 P. M.; 3:15 P. M.; 3:45 P. M.; 4:15 P. M.; 4:45 P. M.; 5:15 P. M.; 5:45 P. M.; 6:15 P. M.; 6:45 P. M.; 7:15 P. M.; 7:45 P. M.; 8:15 P. M.; 8:45 P. M.; 9:15 P. M.; 9:45 P. M.; 10:15 P. M.; 10:45 P. M.; 11:15 P. M.; 11:45 P. M.; 12:15 A. M.; 12:45 A. M.; 1:15 A. M.; 1:45 A. M.; 2:15 A. M.; 2:45 A. M.; 3:15 A. M.; 3:45 A. M.; 4:15 A. M.; 4:45 A. M.; 5:15 A. M.; 5:45 A. M.; 6:15 A. M.; 6:45 A. M.; 7:15 A. M.; 7:45 A. M.; 8:15 A. M.; 8:45 A. M.; 9:15 A. M.; 9:45 A. M.; 10:15 A. M.; 10:45 A. M.; 11:15 A. M.; 11:45 A. M.; 12:15 P. M.; 12:45 P. M.; 1:15 P. M.; 1:45 P. M.; 2:15 P. M.; 2:45 P. M.; 3:15 P. M.; 3:45 P. M.; 4:15 P. M.; 4:45 P. M.; 5:15 P. M.; 5:45 P. M.; 6:15 P. M.; 6:45 P. M.; 7:15 P. M.; 7:45 P. M.;